

MERRY CHRISTMAS



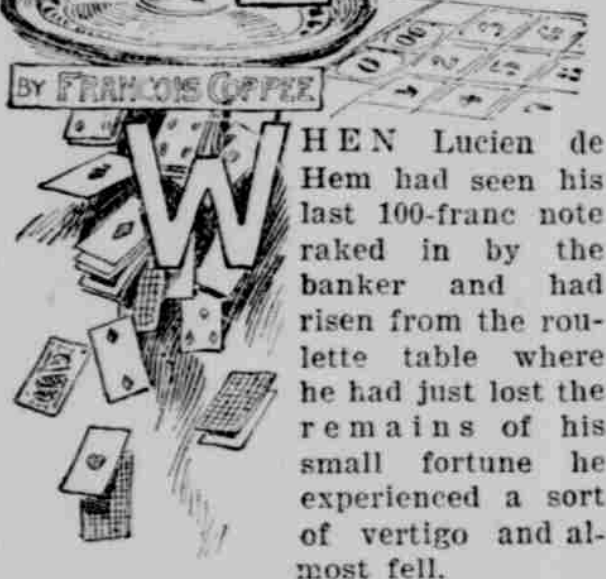
REGINA COELI.



AY, did his sisters wonder what could Joseph see In a mild, silent little maid like thee? And was it awful in that narrow house, With God for babe and spouse? Nay, like thy simple, female sort, each one Apt to find Him in Husband and in Son, Nothing to thee came strange in this, Thy wonder was but wondrous bliss; Wondrous, for though True Virgin lives not but does know (Howbeit none ever yet confessed) That God lies really in her breast, Of time he made his special nest And so, All mothers worship little feet And kiss the very ground they've trod, But, ah, thy little Baby Sweet, Who was indeed thy God!

—Coventry Patmore.

THE GOLDEN LOUIS.



When Lucien de Hem had seen his last 100-franc note raked in by the banker and had risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the remains of his small fortune he experienced a sort of vertigo and almost fell.

With reeling brain and failing limbs he tottered over to the leather bench that encircled the room and threw himself on it. For some minutes he gazed vaguely about this private gambling hell in which he had wasted the best years of his youth, recognizing one by one the plundered heads of the players in the bold glare of the three great green shades. He heard the soft friction of the gold on the felt and realized his loss, his ruin; but he remembered that at home, in a bureau drawer, there were two army pistols which had been bravely used by his father, General De Hem, in the attack of Zaatcha. Then utterly worn out, he slept profoundly.

He awoke with parched throat and glancing at the clock saw that he had barely slept a half hour.

An imperative need to breathe the night air came over him. The hands marked a quarter to midnight, and, on rising and stretching his arms, Lucien recollected that it was Christmas eve, and by an ironical freak of memory he saw himself a little child again putting his shoes in front of the chimney at bedtime.

Just then old Dronski, the Pole, a fixture of the place, in threadbare, braided livery, came up to Lucien and mumbled a few words in his dirty beard.

"Lend me five francs, Monsieur. Here are two days since I have been out of the club and 17 has not turned up once."

"Laugh at me if you will, but you may cut off my fist if 17 does not come out in a few minutes, when the clock strikes midnight."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he had not even the wherewithal in his pocket to pay the tax known by the house habitués as "The Pole's Pence."

He passed into the hall, put on his hat, his coat, then descended the stairs with the haste of a fevered person. During the four hours he had been in doors heavy snow had fallen and the

street, a central one, walled in by high houses, was all white. Multitudes of cold stars shone in the blue-black purged sky.

The ruined man walked rapidly, revolving desperate thoughts in his mind, and was more than ever drawn to the pistol box in his dressing case drawer.

Suddenly he stopped. He was confronted by a heart-breaking scene.

On a stone bench, placed according to the old-time custom beside the monumental door of a palace, a little girl of 6 or 7, barely covered by a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had gone to sleep there, in spite of the cold, in a painful attitude of utter weariness, with her poor little head and shoulder propped in an angle of the icy stone.

One of her old shoes had fallen from the foot which hung over and lay in the snow.

Lucien de Hem felt mechanically for his vest pocket, and was suddenly reminded that a moment before he had not even found a forgotten franc, nor a pouboire for the valet.

However, stirred by an instinctive pity, he approached the little girl, and would perhaps have carried her in his arms to give her a night shelter, had he not seen something shining in the old shoe as it lay in the snow.

He bent over. It was a gold louis.

Some charitable person, a woman, doubtless, in passing by this Christmas eve had seen the shoe in front of the sleeping child, and had remembered the touching legend. This generous alms had been given so that the little one might believe in the gifts of the holy child, and in spite of her distress retain some hope in the goodness of Providence.

A louis! It meant many days of plenty for the beggar, and Lucien was about to waken and tell her so, when he heard a voice in his ear, a drawing, thick voice, mumbling:

"Here are two days since I have been out of the club. You can cut off my fist if 17 does not come out when the clock strikes midnight."

Then the young man of 23, coming of honest stock with a magnificent military record, never failing in honor, this young man suddenly conceived a dreadful thought, fell prey to a wild, hysterical, monstrous desire. Assuring himself with one glance that the street was deserted he swiftly stooped, advanced a trembling hand, and stole the louis from the old shoe. With a wild rush he reached the club again, cleared the stairs in one impetuous rush, flung open the door of the reeking hall, and threw the gold piece on the green, just as the clock chimed the first stroke of midnight.

"All on 17!"

Seventeen won.

With a turn of his hand he shoved the 36 louis on red.

Red won.

He left 72 louis on the same color. Again it appeared. Three times he put up the doubled stakes with the same luck. There was now a great heap of gold and bank notes in front of him, and he began frantically to sow them broadcast over the table. Every combination favored him. The little ivory ball jumping about the divisions of the roulette seemed to be magnetized by the gambler's gaze, and obeyed it. In 10 plays he had recovered the few thousand francs, his last resource, that he had lost early in the evening. By punting 200 or 300 louis at once he would soon have far more than the heritage he had fooled away.

In his haste to play he had kept on his heavy coat, and the great pockets were already crammed with rolls of bank notes and gold pieces. He now had to stuff them into his inside pockets, his vest and trouser pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, and everything that could hold them. He still played. He still won; like a lunatic, like a drunken man! He threw the gold anywhere on the table with disdainful certainty.

In his heart a red-hot iron was burning; he thought only of the child asleep in the snow; of the little beggar he had robbed.

"She is still there, of course; certainly, she must be there! In a minute, when it strikes 1-1 I swear it—I

will leave here and carry her home sleeping in my arms. I will bring her up, love her as my own child, and care for her always, always."

The clock struck 1, the quarter, the half, the three-quarters, and Lucien still sat at the table. A minute before 2 the banker rose abruptly and said in a sharp voice:

"Enough for the day, gentlemen; the bank is closed."

Lucien leaped to his feet. Roughly he pushed the players aside as they lingered about, eyeing him with envious admiration; hurriedly he cleared the stairs and ran to the stone bench.

"Thank God!" he cried; "she is still there!" He seized her hand.

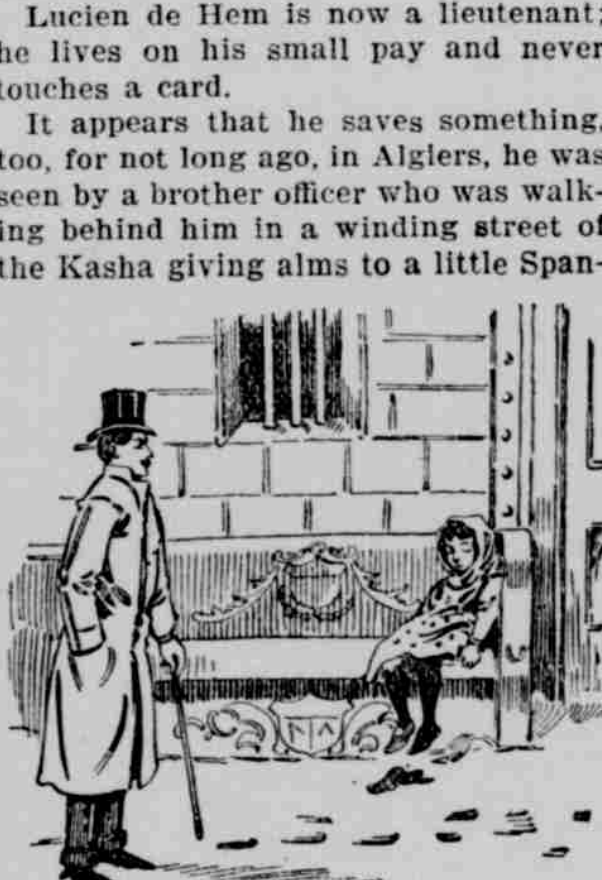
"Ah! how cold she is, poor little one!"

As he lifted her in his arms the child's head fell back limp, and she did not waken. How children sleep, he thought, pressing her to his breast for warmth; and, vaguely anxious, he was about to kiss her lids to draw her from this heavy slumber, when he saw with terror that the child's eyes were half open, showing glassy pupils, extinguished and motionless. With terrible suspicion Lucien brushed her little lips with his own, and no breath came from them. While Lucien had been winning a fortune with the louis stolen from her, this little beggar had died of cold. His throat contracted in awful agony. He tried to cry out * * * and in the effort—he awoke from a nightmare on the bench at the club, where he had fallen asleep before midnight, and had been left undisturbed by the kindness of the old valet, who had gone off last of all at 5 o'clock. His heart had been touched by the poor bankrupt.

A noisy December dawn was peering through the panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, bathed, breakfasted, then went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted in the First African Chasseurs.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant; he lives on his small pay and never touches a card.

It appears that he saves something, too, for not long ago, in Algiers, he was seen by a brother officer who was walking behind him in a winding street of the Kasha giving alms to a little Span-



HE APPROACHED THE LITTLE GIRL.

ish beggar asleep under a doorway. The officer had the indiscretion to look at the money which Lucien had given to poverty.

He had put a gold louis in the child's hand.

In Excelsis Gloria.
(A hymn dating from the 13th century.)

Christ is born of maiden fair; Hark! the heralds in the air! Thus adoring hear them there, "In excelsis gloria!"

Shepherds saw those angels bright, Carolling in glorious light; God, His Son, is born tonight, In excelsis gloria!

Christ is come to save mankind, As in holy page we find, Therefore sing with reverent mind, In excelsis gloria!

A Prince an Electrician.

Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples is said to be an expert electrician. He experiments on all its applications to light, sound, motive power, and photography, and was one of the first persons in Italy to investigate the Roentgen rays.

NEWS OF INDIANA

MINOR HAPPENINGS DURING THE PAST WEEK.

The Death of a Recluse—A Honey-moon Interrupted—Young Wife Forced to Make the Charge—Opera-House Manager Beaten—State Items.

The Death of a Recluse.

Shelbyville, Ind., Special: David Black, a man who has lived here since the close of the war, very little being known about him, is dead. His supposed age is sixty-eight years. Black was born in Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. He left home while still a young man, and drifted to Kentucky. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in Company G, Twenty-second Kentucky Infantry, and served with credit. At the close of the war he came to Indiana and finally to this place, where he has since lived. Black was a man of good presence, fair education, but was almost a recluse. He made his living by chopping wood to burn. He finally built a wagon with an inclosed house-like bed, in which he lived. Taking a contract to clear a tract of land or chop a lot of wood by the cord, Black would have this wagon hauled to the ground, where he would live until the job was complete. Everything he possessed, so far as known, was this wagon. When not engaged in this kind of work he lived in this city in a squalid house by himself. He had no confidants, but would occasionally say something about the "old home farm," near Pittsburgh, and talked enough to let his Grand Army comrades know he was well reared, and that his people are in good circumstances. As Black was drawing a pension of \$17 a month, he never was in want, and the probabilities are that he has put money away. A short time ago he suffered a paralytic stroke, and this caused his death. It is supposed that he has a brother in Pittsburgh engaged in the wholesale drug business, and that other relatives are well-to-do.

A Honey-moon Interrupted.

Laporte, Ind., Dispatch: E. B. Weed of this city has brought suit for \$10,000 damages for the alleged alienation of his wife's affections. Louis Peer and Mrs. Fohey, children of Mrs. Hilt Weed, are named as defendants, the complaint alleging that it was through their influence that husband and wife were estranged. Mrs. Hilt Weed was the widow of the late E. B. Weed of South Bend, who according to his own statement, is poor and involved in debt. Within a month differences arose between them, which terminated in Weed being forced to leave the Hilt home. Weed is also plaintiff in proceedings alleging slander. Mrs. Hilt Weed is very wealthy. The case has aroused much interest throughout northern Indiana.

Forced to Make the Charge.

Petersburg, Ind., Telegram: H. E. McDonald of Seymour, who owns large lumber interests in Dubois county, was tried at Jasper, charged with criminal assault, the complainant being Mrs. Jessie Rude, sixteen years old, whose husband was foreman of one of McDonald's mills in that county. When the case was called Mrs. Rude notified the court that she would not appear against McDonald, because he was not guilty, and she then explained that her husband, without cause, had become insanely jealous of McDonald, and had threatened her with abandonment if she did not proceed against him. She was forced to take the step she did, and none regretted it more than herself.

Opera-House Manager Beaten.

Lafayette, Ind., Special: Last evening, at the Lahr house, N. C. Grubb, of the Drummond Tobacco Company; George S. Shires, a traveling salesman of Indianapolis, and Charles A. Sauerwein, representing the Admiral Cigarette Company, assaulted George Seeger, Jr., inflicting injuries which disfigure and render the victim unfit to attend to business. Seeger is manager of the Grand Opera House, and the grievance was based on the discharge of a friend to the attacking party. The principals were arrested, and Grubb and Shires were fined nearly \$20 each, while Sauerwein was acquitted, on the ground that he was acting as a peace-maker.

General State News.

Congressman Royce has given notice that he will recommend W. E. Jackson for reappointment as postmaster at Crown Point. Mr. Jackson was appointed by Mr. Cleveland, and in the last campaign was conspicuous as a gold Democrat.

There is much gossip in Republican circles at Lafayette because of the belief that Lieutenant Governor Haggard is favoring Governor Mount for senator and opposing the senatorial aspirations of J. Frank Henly.

Mrs. Lizzie Hardin, awaiting trial at Jeffersonville as the murderess of Miss Mary Rosenbaum, narrowly escaped death from hemorrhage. The long confinement in jail is having its effect.

Paddy Toner, 34 years old, a glass-blower, of Alexandria, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, assigning as a reason discouraging news from his home in Pittsburgh.

The official board of the M. E. church of Wabash has resolved to proceed at once with the construction of a new house of worship, the total expenditure to be \$30,000.

DIPHTHERIA IN WISCONSIN.

Fifty-Three Deaths in One Small Town in Less Than Four Weeks.

A preventive and cure for diphtheria, croup, tonsillitis, quinsy and all throat troubles recently placed upon the market has achieved such marvelous success as to greatly stir up the medical fraternity. Its power over diphtheria seems almost miraculous, as it stops its spread as if by magic.

Grantsburg, Wisconsin, population less than four hundred, was visited by a terrible epidemic of diphtheria, during which fifty-three of its inhabitants died in less than four weeks. After much urging by the friends of Muco-Solvent, the authorities decided to use it, and thereupon telegraphed for a large supply, which arrived the next day at 4 o'clock, and by 6 o'clock every man, woman and child in Grantsburg were taking Muco-Solvent, with the result that not another death occurred, whereas, up to the very hour its use was commenced, not a day, for two weeks, had passed without from one to five deaths. Many other epidemics have been quickly stamped out by Muco-Solvent, notably at Madison, Polar, Winneconne and Neenah, Wisconsin.

We earnestly advise every mother to procure Muco-Solvent and keep it in the house ready for prompt use for every ill, however slight, especially if accompanied with sore throat, cough or cold, and thus, in many instances, prevent diphtheria or some other serious ailment the presence of which is not even suspected. Pleasant to take. It can be procured by sending the price \$1.00 per bottle to the Muco-Solvent Company, 356 Dearborn street, Chicago, upon receipt of which they will send it, charges prepaid.

They will upon application, send free a book of forty pages entitled "Chats with Mothers," which every mother should read. They desire agents and the right person (woman preferred) can secure exclusive agency in their town.—Chicago Opinion.

Plague Continues.

The plague continues to spread in India, in spite of all sanitary efforts for its extirpation. Its progress is slow in comparison with most epidemics, but it is the hardest of them all to uproot entirely. It is several years since the present malady started on its course from China, and the history of previous visitations justifies the conjecture that it may yet have a long road to travel. Russia's plague of 1878 hovered about the countries of western Asia for a decade before it advanced northward. In 1867 it appeared at Bagdad; in 1870-71 Kurdistan was invaded; and in 1873 Bagdad suffered anew. In 1877 it appeared at Reicht, an important city of northern Persia, near the port of Enseli, from whence it was carried northward in Caspian ships and planted in the populous but malarious and unwholesome deltas of the Volga. Russia did not get rid of it for a number of years, and stray cases of it appeared in other European countries, to which it has been a periodical visitor since their history began. It may come again, but it is not now armed with its old terrors.

Salzer Seed Co.'s Great Free Exhibition Car.

This car is making its third annual tour through Wisconsin, Northern Illinois and Iowa, stopping at all principal stations in the rural districts. The rare display of seed products made by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., in this car is well worth going miles to see.

Swedish Expedition.

Owing to the contributions from King Oscar and several private persons, the dispatch of a Swedish expedition to the Polar regions in 1898 is now assured. The leader will be Professor A. G. Nathorse, the geologist. The cost of the expedition is estimated at 70,000 kroner.

What a blessing it would have been to humanity had St. Patrick been born in time to chase the snakes out of Eden.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

It is the small things of life that are most annoying. Even the little mosquito bores one dreadfully.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Piso Co., Warren, Pa.

A man has a rattling old time when he throws dice for the drinks.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. H. C. C. Co. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

When a man marries a penniless girl he takes her at her face value.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A husband is a plaster that cures all the ills of girlhood.—Moliere.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

It is easier to be good than great—there is less opposition.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

There are now 250 colleges in working order in Maine.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Oxford's University's freshmen class numbers 725.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes, 20 for 5 cts.

Some men, like wells, are driven to drink.

Watch This Column

FOR

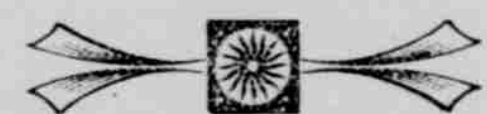
BARGAINS

IN

Real



Estate



FARMS AND CITY PROPERTY

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

No. 1—80 acres in Center township, 3 miles south of Plymouth. 70 acres improved, 5 room house, barn 20x40, wagon shed and corn crib, a good orchard of all kinds of fruits; price \$37.50.

No. 2—80 acres in West township, 6 miles west of Plymouth. 70 acres improved, balance in timber. House is nearly new, with 7 rooms, outside cellar, fair barn, two good orchards, all kinds of fruit. Will trade for good residence property in Plymouth.

No. 3—62 acres in West township, 4 1/2 miles from Plymouth. 52 acres in cultivation, balance in timber, a good house and barn, a fine orchard, black walnut and apple; price \$2,900.

No. 4—120 acres 5 miles west of Argos 90 acres improved, good house with 7 rooms, barn 22x50, other out buildings and good orchard; will trade for smaller farm and give long time on difference.

No. 5—116 acres 3 1/2 miles from Donaldson. 79 acres improved, balance in meadow and timber, fair house and a good barn, with other out buildings; will sell for \$21.50 per acre or trade for city property.

No. 6—100 acres 7 miles west of Plymouth. 85 acres in cultivation, balance in timber, 1 mile from Donaldson; will sell cheap or trade for business property.

No. 7—80 acres 4 1/2 miles west of Plymouth. 70 acres in cultivation, balance in timber, good house and barn, good orchard and wind mill; will trade for 40 acres or town property; price \$40 per acre.

No. 8—100 acres 8 miles from Plymouth with fine improvements, fruits of all kinds, heavy timber land; will sell cheap if sold soon. Anyone wanting a farm cheap can get it by calling at once.

No. 9—A \$4,000 stock of general merchandise in a village near Plymouth, doing a good business; will trade for an improved farm.

No. 10—A fine farm of 135 acres 1/2 mile from Donaldson, Ind. 7 1/2 miles from Plymouth, with fine large house, two big barns and all other outbuildings needed on a farm, with a big orchard of all kinds of fruit, wind mill, stone milk house, etc. together with horses, cattle, hogs, poultry implements and grain. Will sell cheap \$1500 cash, balance on time to suit purchaser or will trade for Chicago improved property.

No. 11—50 acres on Michigan road between Plymouth and Argos. Well improved. Will sell cheap or trade for town property.

No. 12—60 acres in West township near Donaldson, with good improvements. Will sell on terms to suit buyer. Cheap.

No. 13—80 acres in Polk township near school house, with good improvements. Good and. Will trade for 120 acres and pay cash difference. Must be within 3 or 4 miles of Plymouth.

No. 14—217 1/2 acres near Sligo in west township. A good two-story house good barn and other outbuildings. Will trade for smaller farm or town property.

No. 15—1 have a new house on West Garro street, new barn, a corner lot; will sell cheap and on monthly payments.

No. 16—L. use and two lots on Walnut street near court house and school. For sale at a bargain if taken soon.

No. 17—A fine house near the new school building on south side of river. Will trade for 40, 60 or 80 acre farm and as same incumbrance from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Now is your chance.

If you want to buy a farm, trade for a farm, sell a farm, or buy or sell town property, I can suit you, having property of all kinds in any part of town, or anywhere in or out of the state. We will try to suit you if given a chance.

Will be at Law Office of L. M. Laner each Saturday, and all business during the week will receive attention at said office.

Yours for business,

S. H. JOSEPH.